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Document Citation

Title	**[Lucifer rising]**
Author(s)	
Source	*In Touch*
Date	1976 Mar
Type	article
Language	English
Pagination	
No. of Pages	1
Subjects	Anger, Kenneth (1927), Santa Monica, California, United States
Film Subjects	Lucifer rising, Anger, Kenneth, 1973

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Lucifer Rising is one of those long-awaited films that you are just going to have to wait on a little longer. It is technically in a final state. It is bigger than anything Kenneth Anger has done before. It has an expensive look. It is an epic and like all of Anger's films it is a ceremony. This particular epic ceremony is the coming of the morning light. Anger thinks of Lucifer as the bearer of the morning light. Every character in the film plays a role in the ceremony and has no personality other than those idiosyncrasies required for the particular ceremonial role. Everyone in the play is heralding the heralder, Lucifer, who is the morning star to the Romans. Everyone except the blonde girl dressed out of period (everyone else being in ancient Egyptian garb). She seems to be headed in the opposite direction from the other celebrants. Her whole reference seems more Salem than Sahara. She is going in the opposite direction and up to a rock that looks ominous.

Along with *Lucifer Rising* I was able to see a Kenneth Anger festival. Two of the films I hadn't seen before and they were both quite different from anything else I've seen. *Rabbit Moon* was a beautiful, sad, and magical ballet for the magic lantern. *Puce Moment* was a glorious segment of a larger film on the Hollywood glamor girls of the twenties.

Anger met Cocteau when he brought *Fireworks* to a film festival Cocteau set up immediately following the war. It was a Festival of Damned Films, films that could be shown nowhere else. In France Anger made two films. One was *Rabbit Moon.* Cocteau arranged, through Cinemateque Francais for Anger to shoot on his first real live soundstage with arc lights and all. The result is a stunning and haunting ballet put on film in a frozen blue frosted by white moonglow and the fluff of a breeze that carries a simple little parable so gently that it is too light to begin to touch and quickly falls away around the presence of a "symbolic" magic lantern.

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